

The Tragedie

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Whoy shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this seene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieue:
That our swift winged soules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my grieue,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowed dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Give me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being governd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. Edward,

of Richard

Ambo. Oh for our father, for

Dut. Alas for both, both mine

Qu. What staie had I but Edward

Am. What staie had we but Clarence

Dut. What staies had I but the

Qu. Was neuer widow, had I

Am. Was euer Orphanes had

Dut. Was euer mother had a

Alas, I am the mother of these

Their woes are parcelld mine are

She for Edward weepes, and so

I for a Clarence weepe, so doth

These babes for Clarence weep

I for an Edward weepe, and so

Alas, you three on me threefold

Powre all your teares, I am your

And I will pamper it with lamen

Glo. Madam haue comfort, all

To waile the dimming of our sh

But none can cure their harmes

Madame my mother, I do cry y

I did not see your grace, humbly

I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and pu

Loue, charitie, obedience, and tru

Glo. Amen, and make me die

Thats the butt end of my mothe

I maruell why her grace did leau

Buck. You cloudy princes, an

That beare this mutuall heauie l

Now cheare each other, in each

Though we haue spent our haru

We are to reape the harvest of h

The broken rancour of your hig

But lately splinted, knit, and ioy

Must greatly be preferu'd, cheris

Me seemeth good that with som

Forthwith from Ludlow the yo

Hither to London, to be crownd

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